Yesterday is your enemy; forget what you were, consider what you are and determine what you mean to be.

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Message

The man who carries a rabbit's foot is usually harebrained. Wit and will are the only proved lucky charms.

Millionaires and Others

IN 1790, authorities tell us, there was less than a billion dollars' worth of property in the thirteen states.

Since 1850 we have increased our assets thirtyfold.

Today the biggest fortunes in the country belong to persons whose grandfathers were mainly peasants and whose own parents were dirt poor.

One of the significant facts of our history is the rise of a new and constantly more powerful group of plutocrats in each successive generation.

Money does make money, but not nearly so much of it as brains create.

Cash has no imagination. It seldom anticipates developments—and instinctively sticks to guaranteed certainties.

All in all, born millionaires are very obtuse and reactionary gentry.

An assured income tends to dull enterprise. Very few wisdom teeth have ever been cut on silver spoons. When a youngster learns that his future has been liberally provided for he seldom feels like learning anything else. Those who live easily are not apt to think hard. There is little sense where there are many dollars. Lotuses are pleasant eating, but are blamed poor brain food.

Luxury stupefies initiative. Heirs to big estates are notorious for their ignorance of the processes through which they derive their money. With an occasional exception their business affairs are delegated to hired men who do not share in the profits of successful speculative ventures, but are, on the other hand, held strictly to account for poorly advised investments. This attitude tends to make severe conservatives of their managers and explains in part why inherited capital is so inaccessible for the inauguration of innovations.

The vast profits of early railroading, oil exploitation, electric development, rapid transit, pioneer mining, gas and the telephone went to hitherto obscure men, who had sharpened their wits in struggle. They weren't afraid to take risks—there was nothing else for them to take. After experience had demonstrated the validity of their plans, the "play safers" bought the bonds.

Tomorrow the same tale will be repeated. Their own children will be just as blind to potentialities.

Opportunity won't hang around a doubter's waiting room. There are always too many ambitious folk eager to back her suggestions with credulity, hope and energy.

Motion pictures offer the latest example in point. It took men who are still pushing through the crowds to realize where the crowd had begun to turn. The automobile was driven to a half-million yearly output by the farsight of a few shrewd students of current conditions.

A Scotch immigrant boy, a country storekeeper's clerk and an unschooled stationary engineer are our three richest cotemporaries. Some baby in the tenements, a farm lad and one of the countless orphans in war-stripped Europe are likely to found fortunes later on which will dwarf those of Rockefeller, Carnegie and Ford, just as theirs belittle the estates of the Knickerbockers.

Starving the Watch Dog to Feed the Lap Dog

THE expense of an adequate military establishment is tremendous, but not nearly so heavy as the maintenance of the Pork Barrel.

The appropriations annually fed to congressional "poodles" are more than ample for the upkeep of a competent army and navy.

The Anvil Chorus

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

When Fortune knocks Envy promptly *follows* suit. Every *winning* starts a *whining*. Disappointment often consoles itself with defamation and deprecation.

Jealousy is a *bitter* cur, but *seldom* a *biting* one. So don't be *disturbed* by the *bark* of *toothless* brains.

It's mainly *insignificant* folks who resent the existence of accomplishments beyond their *own* range. The *Adam Family* is notoriously reluctant to accept the superiority of *any* fellow. If failure would *concede* successes more *graciously*, they would soon learn to *conceive* them.

Only *big* men appreciate the merit of *others*—that's the quality which *makes* them great. To *recognize* genius is the next thing to *possessing* it.

Ignorance and inefficiency are *least* ready to accord merit its due. The less a man *knows*, the *wilder* his jeers against *knowledge*. Vanity is *intolerant* of a *better*—the dog in the manger is Conceit's *special* pet.

Your progress is *sure* to arouse the resentment and provoke the hostility of numbers who *secretly* want what you *have* and wish to be what you *are*.

An admission that you can *honestly* achieve beyond *their* capacities necessitates a frank *self-measurement* to which few are willing to submit—demands a *confession* of *inferiority*.

You can't put your name on all men's *tongues* without leaving a *bitter taste* in some of their *mouths*. The derision of fools and the mud-flinging of sore-heads is a *standard* penalty for *ambition*.

Distinction can only be gained through *bold* and *positive* courses. No *decisive* action ever *lacked* the *disapproval* of those who held *opposite* views, or who were *profiting* by the *continuance* of *contrary* conditions.

Do your best and don't mind the rest. Assumption of power *invites* slander and malice—is a *challenge* to back-biters and dirt throwers.

It's a *hopeless* aspiration to escape the *rut* and *misinterpretation*. The *most* you can look for is a set of *partisans* sufficient to *offset* an *inevitable* batch of *ill-wishers*.

Nonentities are not *talked about*—there's no *subject* for *discussion*.

People who are without enemies simply haven't attracted *notice*. You can't please *everybody*.

No rule of conduct is acceptable to the *entire* community. The *thief* is *hostile* to *honesty*. Hypocrisy *frowns* upon frankness. Originality threatens the *security* of *reactionaries*. Wisdom *exposes folly*.

Right cannot prevail without *thwarting* wrong. The inauguration of an *improvement* unmasks the authorities who fail to *fulfill* their responsibilities.

Shirkers can't be expected to *applaud* the *example* of *zealous* workers.

Self-interest is a *paramount* trait in human nature, and is *asserting* itself when a *displaced* individual *discounts* the intelligence which *thrashed* him.

Generosity is a *rare* coin and *stingily* spent. Even when we have breadth enough to understand *why* we lost, egotism *still* insinuates that the *other* man didn't *honestly* earn his recognition.

Bunglers have an *arsenal* of unworthy hints with which to *explain* the *advancement* of their *associates*. *Mediocrity* loves *company* and seeks to reduce its *betters* to the *common* level.

The road to the top is filled with *muddy stretches*. You can't *escape* them and "*get there*."

A strong man cannot *assert* himself without *trampling* upon the aspirations of weaker opponents—therefore there's *certain* to be an *outcry* in his *wake*.

The only time you need begin to *worry* is when you hear nothing but *kind* things about yourself. Then you can be *sure* that you are a "*dead one*"—of no one else do *all* speak *gently*.

Believe Me, Bo!

(The Rough Neck Speaks on Recruiting)

I BEEN readin' by the papers that the big New York parade
Ought to satisfy your Uncle Sam that we are not afraid;
That the manhood of the country will be found when danger calls,
Ready for the good old Springfield and the khaki overalls.
I was there and saw them marching and it almost took a day
From the time the first band started till the music died away.
Drygoods clerks, dray drivers, bankers, doctors, lawyers, engineers,
Leading citizens and others, all prepared up to their ears.
Me, I wasn't with the hikers on account a leg o' mine
Which an Igorrote bolo messed for keeps in ninety-nine.
It was great to watch em' passing, dolled up in their Sunday rags;
It was great to see the waving of two hundred thousand flags;
But it seems to me that every guy that showed himself in line
That day had ought to hunt the nearest armory and sign.
We need men in the National Guard, we need a bunch to fill
The regiments provided for by this new army bill.
Parades are fine, but what's the use of holdin' them for show?
I'm hailing from Missouri all the time, BELIEVE ME, BO.
Speakin' from my own experience and hopin' you'll excuse
A rough neck like yours truly givin' folks like you his views.
Men who haven't had some soldiering (and say, this ain't no slam)
When they face a well drilled army aren't worth a tinker's dam.
I'm a hick, I don't know nothin' and I may be right or wrong,
But we ought to push recruitin' while enthusiasm's strong.

De Senectute

PENINNAH ELIZABETH CURRY insists that the infirmities of age are attitudes of mind. Personally she believes in being young and believes it so hard that she's able to stand over a hot cook stove these muggy days—and do household chores between times. She sees no reason why she should stop working—she's only seventy-nine years old.

Activity defies time, disuse wears out human beings—an unemployed mind is an auto cannibal, it feeds upon its own cells.

Elizabeth hasn't had time to worry about herself—she's too busy making the most out of life. She proves that the limit of efficiency is largely a matter of individual will. Her unimpaired strength is a reproach to all men and women who surrender to a few gray hairs. Here's the story of a humble domestic to rekindle faith in quitters the land over. She stands on the firing line (or hiring line, if you will), facing circumstance with a valorous heart and eager hands.

Confidence always could put a calendar out of business.

Age doesn't count if you don't stop to count it.

Every Error Is as Big as Its Consequences

FAILURE is seldom spontaneous. Commerce is, in a measure, at the mercy of world conditions, but even war rumbles its warnings. Lightning never leaps out of an utterly clear sky. Every storm signals in advance. Carelessness is an omnivorous profit eater. A loosely controlled organization soon becomes unreliable—no system is better than the vigilance which directs it.

Base ball offers an excellent example of the necessity for constant observation.

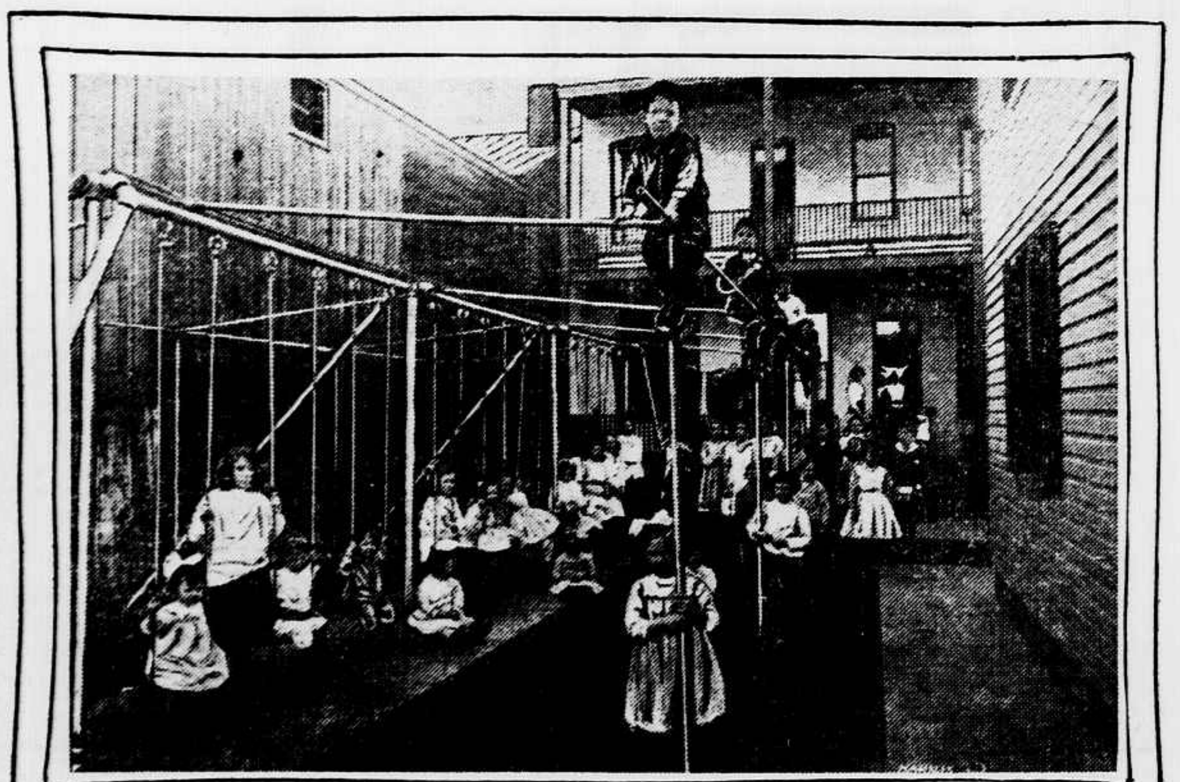
It demands alert control 24 hours to the day. A star team holds its lead only as long as its manager keeps his men under observation. If he isn't aware how his players act off the diamond he can't rely upon them in the field. A bad score usually starts the night before.

What do you know about the habits of YOUR subordinates? How can you tell the fitness of any employe to cope with an important situation if you aren't sure that he is in condition to use his wits in an emergency.

Most concerns are wrecked by the disregard of seeming trifles. But so are most ships. The hidden reefs which most seriously menace navigation are built by tiny marine insects, each insignificant of itself, but in combination able to rip the guts out of an ocean liner.

Sound your course constantly—watch your charts. You're sailing to ruin if you can't tell what's going on beneath the surface.

Novel Dispensary Is Opened at Providence Hospital



NURSERY YARD OF PROVIDENCE HOSPITAL DURING PLAY TIME.

CHILDREN OF THE DAY NURSERY, THE OLDER ONES TAKING A FIRST SEWING LESSON.

WITHIN the past five months a dispensary, novel in Washington, has been opened at Providence Hospital on Capitol Hill. Its name, psychiatrical, sounds myterious, but it only means a place where bodies and minds which do not gee may receive treatment for both mind and body under the latest methods of mental hygiene.

This institution was one of the first in the country to adopt the advanced idea that a hospital is much more than a place where broken bones and bruised bodies may be mended.

The eighteenth century saw the worst of squalor, disease, neglect of public health and social misery. People in masses had not learned how to live, no sanitation was practiced, the insane were manacled or chained to posts, a hospital was a place where diseased persons were taken to die. One so used in Paris accommodated 4,000 persons, four in a bed.

* * *

It was not until the close of that century that sewers were introduced in any but the larger cities. Pumps still in existence in some of the great municipalities indicate how drinking water was obtained well into the nineteenth century. It was not until 1825 that Escarrol and Pinel first in the Salpetriere, Paris, removed the snackles from the deranged and by treating them in a reasonable way proved that in many instances these cases were curable.

When, a half century ago, at Bellevue Hospital in New York city, trained nurses were brought in to care for the sick, the ignorant creatures whose places they had taken rioted for several days and stoned the old building until the police, in spite of their sympathy with the strikers, were forced to make numerous arrests and so end the trouble.

With the adoption of anesthetics and later of antiseptics, which made intricate surgical operations possible, and in keeping with the progress of people, the care of the sick and injured became a matter of general concern. With many other great social reforms came the conversion of the "place to die in" to "the place to be made well in." The result is that the modern hospital, however small, has for the treatment of the sick or injured an equipment in nurses and diet kitchen as well as in operating rooms and a staff of physicians and surgeons.

The hospital which stops there, however, is very far behind the times. Dr. Welch, head of Johns Hopkins, only a few years ago defined the three-fold functions of a general hospital—to relieve the sick or the injured, to conduct in field and laboratory research work which finds and destroys the germs of disease, and to investigate social conditions which produce failures in character as well as body, and to apply the remedy.

Without considering causes and effects, sociology, progress in hospital matters or kindred topics of interest, some very plain questions came before the managers of Providence Hospital and the view taken of them from the standpoint of common sense, humanitarianism and religion impelled them to make the institution among the first to undertake the relief of social distress.

Many of the patients taken to the hospital were workmen with large families and small wages, which usually stopped on the day—if not the minute—the work stopped. It had been difficult for such a patient to fill the mouths and clothe the bodies dependent upon him, and the most callous surgeon (if there ever were such a thing) did not like this state of affairs, for his patient worried himself sick about the family and would not make a good recovery. The sisters did not like this state of affairs, for they knew that women and little children might be left cold and hungry. They began to investigate in each case how things were at home. Pride, which prompts the poor to withhold the truth about the necessities, availed not at all against the gentle ways of the Providence sisters and their unobtrusive aid.

* * *

Thus, as naturally as flowers grow in the sunshine after the rain, the social service grew under these influences. Other institutions were developing along the same course, but few in proportion to its size have this work so magnified and in so many fields.

One of its latest activities, the psychiatrical dispensary, interesting in itself, shows how they take root and thrive. This clinic was opened last January and more than one hundred and twenty cases of mental retardation have been under observation and treatment by Dr. Thomas V. Moore and Dr. Kenealy.

The patient in one case was a boy of fourteen, hardly able to stand alone and unable to walk, because the nerves would not carry the proper message to the muscles of his arms and legs. He was turned over to the trained social worker, Miss Eunice Whyte, for the Binet-Simon examination, which consists of a series of tests, standardized by the answers of many hundreds of normal children of the same age as the patient, to ascertain his power of concentration, memory and expression. He had to name the days of the week and the months of the year, and to arrange a series of eight blocks according to weight, name coins, make change, construct sentences, repeat meaningless numbers, define simple things like "table," "baby" and "horse," and make certain diagrams. His answers were charted.

Then Dr. Kenealy tested touch, sight, hearing, taste and examined throat, heart, lungs and nerve reflexes. If anything shsould be found out of order the patient would be sent to one of the other clinics or perhaps upstairs to Dr. John Foote, who is in charge of the children's ward, where he would be repaired by operation or whatever treatment was necessary—that is, if anything could be done for him.

With the data before him which his assistants have gathered, Dr. Moore takes the patient in hand for diagnosis and treatment. In this particular case he recognized that the main tract in the spinal cord was so deteriorated that it could not carry messages properly from the brain. He knew from the patient's inability to move his eyes to right or left, while he could raise or lower them, the point which the deterioration had reached. He knew that the diseased nerve could not be restored, and concluded that the only help for the boy was to educate new nerves and new muscles to take up the duties of those which were useless. Accordingly a course of home exercises was prescribed, his mother was forbidden to treat him as a helpless baby, he promised that he would dress himself, and Miss Whyte was directed to visit him in his home to put him through regular daily exercises. In this way be probably will become able to do many things for himself and gain control, to some extent, of his arms and legs.

* * *

One little patient, whose mother is in an asylum, was sent from an institution. She was nervous, sullen and showed many indications of tendency to follow the mother. The doctor sent her for a two-week visit to a cheerful family where there were children of her own age to play with. She came back bright and happy, with markedly changed symptoms. She was sent back to the family and is now nearly normal.

Another interesting case is that of a dwarf whose Binet tests showed mental operations away below par, but Dr. Moore found a deficient thyroid. Treatment has brought wonderful results, and she will grow into a normal woman in body and mind. With the renewal of vigor rolls of fat fell from her face and expression returned to her countenance.

Not all treatments result favorably, for nerve tissue cannot be repaired and brains cannot be made over, but Dr. Moore believes that even the weakened body and mind may in many cases be improved by education and the creation of the right mental attitude. His method is to secure mental hygiene by the study of all factors making the person's character and to remove the patient from existing bad conditions.

Dr. Moore is a Washington man, a graduate of Catholic University, where he took the Ph. D.; graduate of University of California, of Georgetown Medical School and of Johns Hopkins. He nearly completed a three-year course at the University of Munich, but the war chopped off the last few months of his term. He explained that he got out of the country quite easily by forming a partnership, for hasty traveling, with a man who had plenty of money and no German. Each supplied the other's deficiency, and they were quite successful. He is assistant professor of psychology now in his old alma mater, the Catholic University, but he finds time to give to those who need his skill in the hospital. No one can meet this clear-eyed, strong-faced man and not feet better for it.

In days gone by, "wizard" was a term of reproach, really because people were so ignorant they could not understand the wonderful things one did. Today some people who do understand call one in the hospital a wizard because, with very limited means, she accomplishes so many things. One help she has; every one loves to please her. She has opened a miniature grocery store in the big basement where, without harming local trade, the needy may purchase simple things of good quality at cost prices. It would open the heart of a mummy to see the smile of the presiding genius of the place when dispensing tea and oatmeal to the purchasers who bring no profit in money.

* * *

The same genius will show another store where dry goods, ginghams, quilts and cotton goods are sold on the same basis of profit. Some interested friends send cast-off garments, which still have wear in them, and skillful hands repair and fix them up, to be sold at low prices, sometimes on credit, and never given, unless in the exceptional cases when it seems to be warranted.

The wizard, whose spirit is behind all this, has another scheme to help others to help themselves. Coal is expensive even when laid in at the best time of the year and in large quantities; its purchase by the poor in half-bushel lots is a burden. So she has made arrangements with some of the large dealers to supply coal in ton or part-ton lots when called upon, and has induced many hard-working people to begin now to pay her small monthly amounts which may cover a year, but which insure that next fall the needed supply of "black diamonds" will be delivered. Last year 150 tons were delivered under this plan, and over 100 families had an object lesson in foresightedness, or, as some would call it, preparedness.

Just because of its interest a digression may be made to tell of a storeroom, where the house genius, who is the purveyor general, keeps strawberries, peaches, pears and jellies, besides tomatoes and other vegetables, all home preserved, enough to supply the whole institution for a year.

But in a separate building given and endowed in a small sum by the daughter of a Presbyterian minister are the headquarters of organized social activities among women and children.

As one looks out upon the sunny back yard he sees two-score of as wholesome looking youngsters under ten years as the city can boast. They are bright with health and hoppiness. Under the eyes of a sister they play all day long, except when engaged in the kindergarten or in eating. The mothers, who must work away from home to earn a living, leave the children each morning at the nursery. Every child, after a bath, slips into a play suit for the day, saving his own clean until nightfall. At noon all receive an abundant meal of soup, meat and vegetables, with a dessert of fruit.

"At first," said the sister, "they do not like such things; all they want is bread and tea—that is what they have been brought up on. But they soon learn; and then you should see them eat, making up for lost years"!

A nursery on the second story with cribs for little tots and hinged couches for bigger children affords a quiet resting place for any who are tired or ill. A workshop in the yard provides a place for the older boys to learn carpentry. A class in basketry for the older girls has turned out some work which for grace of form and harmony of color are hard to equal.

* * *

It was the house genius who discovered that a worthy woman who in the struggle to keep her family together and not give up her three small children, locked them in a room with a little cold food, while she went daily to the barns to clean cars. Soon after, in a little hired room, procured by the magic of the wizard, the day nursery was born and every working mother in that section has a place of refuge where at need she can leave her children where they are safe and happy.

In the same building is a large room used for general meeting purposes. Opening from it is a smaller one fitted with gas range and all appliances for up-to-date cooking. Here mothers meet to learn from experts how to prepare food more nourishing than bread and tea—not only how to cook what they buy, but how to select the best for their money. Here, as elsewhere, it has been found not always the lack of money or willingness to work which produces the shriveled body, but ignorance of first principles of economical selection and hygienic feeding. Every woman who attends these classes, while benefiting her own family, is an object lesson to her neighbors.

About seventy women attend sewing classes given in this room. Many when they first come do not know how to cut and make the simplest garments for themselves or their children. It is again a cause of ignorance; most of them are willing and glad to do for their families, and the difference in the condition of the children's clothing is very noticeable after they have had a course in the mothers' sewing class. There they have a chance to repair a neglected education, but the good wizard sees much more—a gathering of women who need help in other than material things—and the truly social element of sisterhood is never discussed and never overlooked.

From plain clothes to hats the step is quite long, but not too far for those people, as the successful results in headwear worn by the large class in millinery, conducted by a professional, bears ample evidence.

* * *

Figures are tiresome or eloquent, as one sees them. These tell stories as rich as the needle pricks on a small daughter's thumb. Sixty-five hundred visits have the sisters made upon the poor; they have relieved families 16,500 times, given 2,000 free lunches to school children and 2,500 meals to the unemployed. They have dispensed 48,000 ounces of modified milk to keep babies well, cared for 120 children in the day nursery, had 87 women in attendance at sewing, basketry and the like; furnished 154 tons of coal at the reduced price, have prescribed for 14,000 patients in the dispensary and found work for 60 men who needed it. No statistics are available to measure the kindness or the help.

Their needs are many and they wish that they had so much more to give, but they make no public appeals, and about the only outside aid is the proceeds from an annual game of base ball by club teams. Last year this added a sun parlor for convalescents, and this year's game will give four needed bathrooms.

Prevention of illness by education and judicious help has a value far beyond that of necessary effort in its cure, and in this respect the great hospitals are taking the lead, and by no means the least among this is Providence.

The Difference.

BISHOP NAPHTALI LUCCOCK was talking in Helena about golfers.

"A Sunday golfer," he said, "rang the bell at a manse Sunday morning and asked to leave her golf sticks there during the service.

"'I can hardly let you do that,' said the minister.

"'But,' the Sunday golfer objected, 'you've got a sign on the church porch to the effect that bicyclists can leave their machines at the manse during service, haven't you?'

"'Yes, ma'am, I have,' the minister answered. 'You can ride to church on a bicycle, you know; but you can't on a golf stick—unless you happen to be a witch.'"